

The Merry Wives of Wapping:

O R, The Seaman's Wives Clubb.

Each one her Husbands abience doth bemoan,
Complaining they are forc'd to lye alone;
And that they want what other women have,
Although they Married are to Seamen brave;
At length being flusht with briske reviving brady,
Their Sorrows melt aw. y like Sugar candy.
To the Tune of, The Countrey M^{is}: Or, The Plowmans P. ophesie.
With A' lowance, Roger L'Estrange.



A Lot of Women in W. pp'ng do meet,
One day in a Week, each other to greet;
To tell you the truth, they do call it a Clubb,
Where they at the Bottle do merrily Tub.

And for their discourse you shall hear it in brief,
How they to each other do utter their grief;
Till with good Brandy their noddles are soakt
Then to forget sorrow their minds are provokt.

And first a young Female the Ice she did break,
Who wants to declare, made her willing to speak

Quoth she, I do long for my Husband at home,
I bow I am weary of lying alone.

I'm but two and twenty 'tis very well known,
And so reckas e're a young Wife in the town;
If I had but a little sometimes it should serve me,
For by this good brandy I'm loath to starve.

Alas, quoth another, my case is the same,
Though I have been counted a jolly brave dame,
Yet now whilst my husband is p'owing the seas
There is no care taken his helter to please.

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I Now am constrained to keep a long Lent,
For to taste of the flesh I dare not consent;
I must be contented to lye and to think.

So, ere honest Neighbours a full one I'll drink. 'Tis very well known we are all flesh and blood,

A third with her berdict did freely declare,
that she to her grief like her neighbours did care
Quoth she, it is long since a man I imbrace't,
I have much ado to live honest and chaste.

Though I love a Sea-man above any other,
I could be content for to be a Mother;
Woe't not for this liquor I sure should go mad,
To think on the pleasures I formerly had.

Anythen, quoth the fourth give ear to my tale,
Within a month after my husband set sail;
I could have had proffers, though simple I be,
O. Gallant Young Cavaliers, some 1, 2, or 3.

But enter my Apron I would not permit,
The best of them all for to meddle a bit;
Though since in my mind I perhaps might re-
That bashfulness hindered my real intent. (pent

The fifth she put in with her War to the Boat.
Quoth she, now kind neighbors my brains are afloat,
I tell you what I apined to me 't'other night,
and you may conclude it was nothing but spight

A proper young Seaman came into my house,
I need say no more, but Dun is the spouse:
But when in the dark I turn'd him out a door,
Some of our bad Neighbours said, I was a

In troth, quoth another, 'tis nothing but common,
For such for to slander an honest good woman;
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but if they, like us, were ty'd up from their meat,
I doubt they would stretch for a bit for to eat.

And could be contented to have that is good;
To taste of a sweet, and to want it so long;
As this is good Whandy it is a great wrong.

And the next, it is nothing but truth you have said
For I can remember when I was a Maid;
Because that I never had taken a taste,
It was but a small matter for to live chaste.

But now I desire my Husbands return,
the thought of his absence doth make me to mourn;
But least that my spirits should fail me in part,
With this cup of whandy I'll comfort my heart.

Then up starts another was bulky and big,
Quoth she, for my own part I care not a fig;
Although we are forced to tumble alone,
Let's bear it with patience, & leave off our moan

So long as we know at our husbands return,
We shall be well paid for the time we did mourn
Whilst some silly women shall go in their rags,
We shall be rewarded with luscious full bags.

'Tis true, quoth another, now you have said all,
And so to our moisture let's merrily fall;
We'll cast away sorrow, and sing up old rose,
A health to our friends, and a fig for our foes.

(Well,
And thus they carous'd, whilst the reckoning did
Till to find one another they could not well tell;
However, true Lovers they are of their Bubb,
And there is an end of the wapping-wives Clubb.